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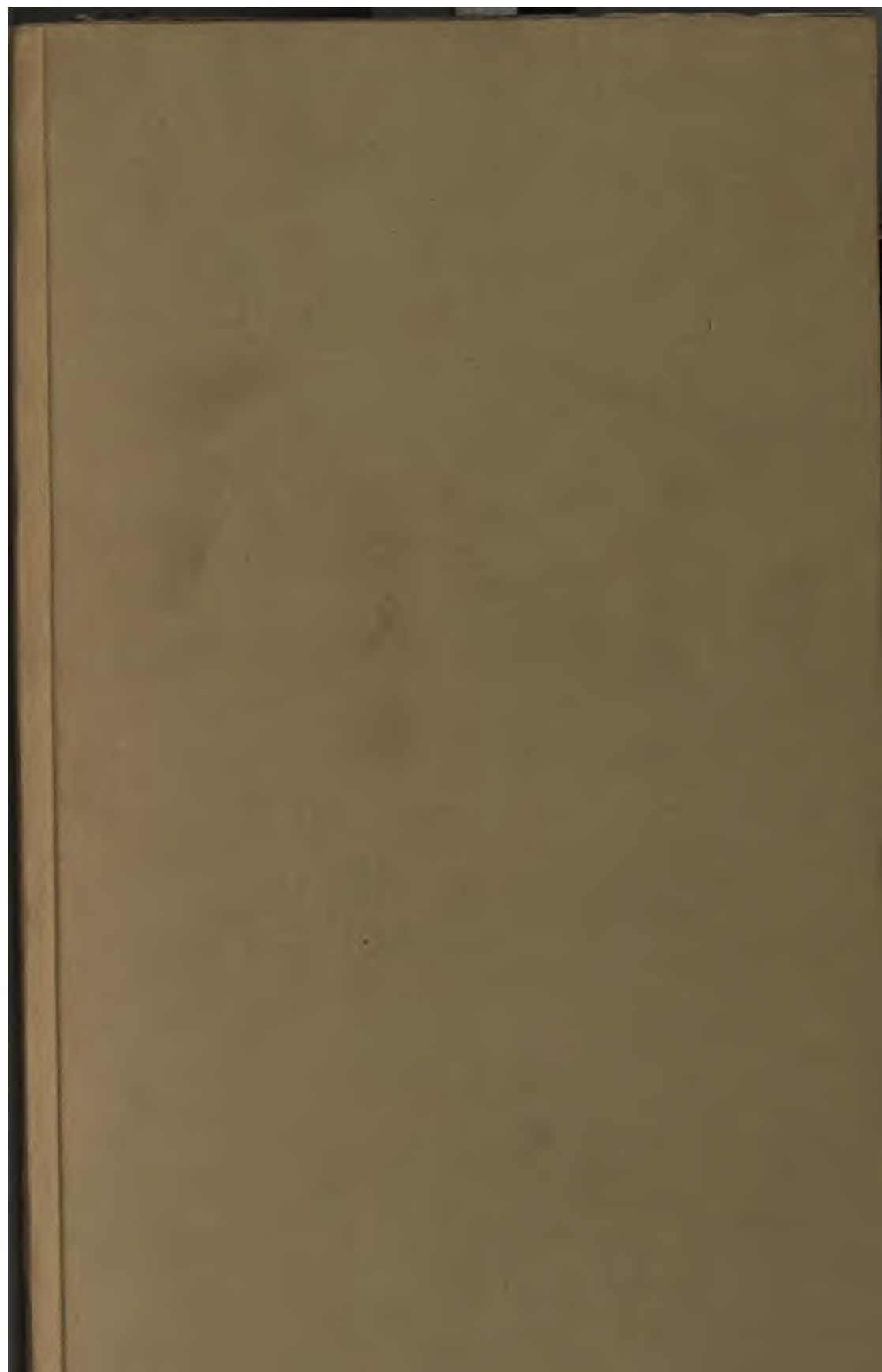
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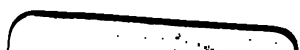
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BRUTUS;

OR,

The Fall of Tarquin.

AN

HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

First represented at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

On Thursday Evening, December 3, 1810.

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Lucius Junius.....	Mr. Kean.
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Sextus Tarquin.....	Mr. H. Kemble.
Aruns.....	Mr. Penley.
Claudius.....	Mr. Coveney.
Collatinus.....	Mt. Bengough.
Valerius.....	Mr. Holland.
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Tarquinia.....	Mrs. W. West.
Lucretia.....	Mrs. Robinson.
Priestess of Rhea's Temple.....	Mrs. Brereton.
Vestal.....	Miss Cooke.
Lavinia.....	Miss Ivers.

Ladies of the Court,

Messdms. Coveney, Chatterley, Calvert, Bates, Corri, Parnell.

Vestals,

Messdms. Carr, Ebsworth, Vials, Smith, M. Bates, Caulfield.

Attendants on Lucretia,

Messdms. Wilton, Lyon, Scott, Hill.

SCENE varies from Rome, to the camp before Ardea and to Collatia.

TIME of the Action, about 2300 years ago.

P R E F A C E.



This tragedy is submitted to the publick with the most grateful sense of the kindness with which it has been honoured. It was originally intended to be published as sent to the Theatre; but the omissions and changes consequent on its being performed, were numerous. The reader will now find it in every respect a copy from the prompt book. The imperfect lines which sometimes occur in the verse have arisen from the determination to make the conformity complete.

Seven plays upon the subject of Brutus are before the publick. Only two have been thought capable of representation, and those two did not long retain possession of the stage. In the present play I have had no hesitation in adopting the conceptions and language of my predecessors wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which I had prescribed. This has been so done as to allow of no injury to personal feelings or private property. Such

obligations to be culpable must be secret ; but it may be observed that no assistance of other writers can be available without an effort almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition.

I am reluctant to select peculiar objects of praise, when I found zeal and politeness so universal.—But I must be permitted to add my gratitude to the publick admiration of Mr. KEAN's most masterly and splendid performance of the principal character.—Mrs. GLOVER, too, has claims on me which must not be forgotten.—The play was introduced by her to the Theatre, and its share of publick favour must be largely attributed to the critical taste of this very amiable and intelligent woman.

To the SUB-COMMITTEE and the MANAGER, I also beg to return my grateful thanks.

*4, Southampton-street, Covent Garden,
December 9, 1818.*

PROLOGUE,

Written by a FRIEND, Spoken by Mr. H. KEMBLE.

TIME rushes o'er us; thick as evening clouds
Ages roll back :—what calls them from their shrouds ?
What in full vision brings their good and great,
The men whose virtues make the nation's fate,
The far, forgotten stars of humankind ?
The STAGE,—the mighty telescope of mind !

If later, luckless arts that stage profane,
The actor pleads—not guilty of the stain :
He, but the shadow flung on fashion's tide—
Yours. the high will that all its waves must guide :
Your voice alone, the great reform secures,
His, but the passing hour—the age is yours.

Our pledge is kept. Here, *yet*, no chargers wheel,
No foreign slaves on ropes or scaffolds reel,
No gallic amazons, half naked, climb
From pit to gallery,—the low sublime !
In Shakspeare's halls, shall dogs and bears engage ?
Where brutes are actors, be a booth, the stage !
And we shall triumph yet. The cloud has hung
Darkly above—but day shall spring—~~has sprung~~—
The tempest has but swept, not shook the shrine ;
No lamp that genius lit has ceased to shine !
Still lives its sanctity. Around the spot
Hover high spirits—shapes of burning thought—
Viewless—but call them, on the dazzled eye
Descends their pomp of immortality :
Here, at your voice, Rowe, Otway, Southern come,
Flashing like meteors thro' the age's gloom.
Perpetual *here*—king of th' immortal band,
Sits SHAKSPEARE crown'd. He lifts the golden wand,
And all obey ;—the visions of the past
Rise as they lived,—soft, splendid, regal, vast.
Then Ariel harps along the enchanted wave,
Then the Wierd sisters thunder in their cave,—
The spell is wound. Then shows his mightier art,
The Moor's lost soul ; the hell of Richard's heart,
And stamps, in fiery warning to all time,
The deep damnation of a tyrant's crime.

To night we take our lesson from the tomb :
 'Tis thy sad cenotaph, colossal Rome !
 How is thy helmet cleft, thy banner low,
 Ashes and dust are all thy glory now !
 While o'er thy wreck, a host of monks and slaves,
 Totter to " seek dishonourable graves."

The story is of Brutus, in that name
 Tower'd to the sun her eagle's wing of flame !
 When sank her liberty, that name of power,
 Pour'd hallow'd splendours round its dying hour.
 The lesson lived for man—that heavenward blaze
 Fixed on the pile the world's eternal gaze.

Unrival'd England ! to such memories thou,
 This hour dost owe the laurel on thy brow ;
 Those, fixed, when earth was like a grave, thy tread,
 Prophet and warrior ! 'twixt the quick and dead,—
 Those bade thee war for man,—those won the name
 That crowns thee—famed above all Roman fame.

Now, to our scene,—we feel no idle fear,
 Sure, of the hearts, the *British* justice here ;
 If we deserve it, sure of your applause—
 Then, hear for Rome, for England, for " our cause !"

BRUTUS;

Or, THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street in Rome.

Enter VALERIUS and LUCRETIUS.

Val. Words are too feeble to express the horror
With which my soul revolts against this Tarquin.
By poison he obtain'd his brother's wife,
Then, by a baser murder, grasp'd the crown.
These eyes beheld the aged monarch, thrown
Down from the senate house,—his feeble limbs
Bruis'd by the pavement,—his time honour'd locks
Which, from the very robber would have gain'd
Respect and veneration,—bath'd in blood!
With difficulty rais'd, and tottering homeward
The murderers follow'd—struck him—and he died!

Luc. Inexpiable crime!

Val. High in her regal chariot Tullia came—
The corpse lay in the street. The charioteer
Turn'd back the reins in horror. “*On, slave, on!*
Shall dead men stop my passage to a throne?”
Exclaim'd the parricide. The gore was dash'd
From the hot wheels up to her diadem!

Luc. And Heaven's avenging lightnings were withheld!
Here rules this Tullia, while the king, her husband

Wastes our best blood in giddy, guilty war!
 Spirit of Marcus Junius!—Would the gods
 Deign to diffuse thy daring through the land
 Rome from her trance with giant spring would start
 Dash off her fetters and amaze the world!

Val. Junius didst say? Oh! tyranny long since
 Had sunk—chain'd—buried in its native hell—
 But Tarquin, trembling at his virtues, murder'd
 Him and his elder son. The younger, Lucius,
 Then on his travels, 'scap'd the tyrant's sword
 But lost his reason at their fearful fall.

Luc. Aye, the same Lucius who now dwells with Tarquin,—
 The jest, the fool, the laughing stock o'th 'court
 Whom the young princes always carry with 'em
 To be the Lut of their unfeeling mirth.

Val. Hold. I hear steps. Great things may yet be done
 If we are men and faithful to our country. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Camp before ARDEA.

Enter CLAUDIUS and ARUNS, laughing.

Aruns. There is no doctor for the spleen like Lucius!
 What precious scents of folly did he act
 When, lately, through the unknown seas of Greece
 He went with us to Delphi!—But, behold!
 Where full of business his wise worship comes!

Enter LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Claud. Whither so fast, good Junius, tell us whither?

Luc. To Rome, to Rome—the queen demands my presence.
 The state needs me and I am call'd to court.

Am I a fool? If so, you cannot say
I'm the first fool grac'd by a monarch's favour.

Aruns. Why, Junius, travel has improv'd thy wit
Thou speakest shrewdly.

Luc. Do I so, my lord?
I'm always glad when you and I agree:
You have just such a wit as I should choose.
Would I could purchase such!—though it might split
My head, as confin'd air does—water bubbles!

Clau. How say you? Purchase? Pr'ythee what would'st
give?

Luc. What would I give?—ten acres of my land!

Aruns. Thy land! Where lies it?

Luc. Ask the king, my cousin:
He knows full well. I thank him, he's my steward,
And takes the trouble off my hands.

Clau. Who told thee so?

Luc. The king himself. Now twenty years are past,
Or more,—since he sent for me from my farm.

"Kinsman" said he, with a kind, gracious smile,
"For the black crime of treason which was charg'd
Against thy father and thy elder brother,
Their lives have paid: for thee, as I love mercy,
"Live and be happy: simple is thy mind"—

Aruns. True, kinsman, true—i'faith 'tis wondrous
simple.

Luc. And that simplicity will be a pledge
That thou wilt never plot against thy sovereign—

Clau. Indeed, for that, I'll be thy bondsman, Junius.

Luc. Live in my house, companion of my children,
As for thy land, to ease thee of all care
I'll take it for thy use; all that I ask
Of thee, is gratitude.

Aruns. And art thou not
Grateful for goodness so unmerited?

Luc. Am I not? Never, by the holy gods
Will I forget it! 'Tis my constant pray'r
To heaven, that I may one day have the pow'r

To pay the debt I owe him. But stay—stay—
I brought a message to you from the king.

Aruns. Thank the gods, then, for thy! good memory,
fool!

Luc. The king your father sends for you to council,
Where he debates how best to conquer Ardea.
Shall I before and tell him ye are coming?

Claud. Aye, or behind, or with us, or stay here—
As thy wit prompts,—as suits thy lofty pleasure.

[*Exit ARUNS and CLAUDIUS, laughing.*]

Luc. (alone) Yet, 'tis not that which ruffles me—the gibes
And scornful mockeries of ill govern'd youth—
Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters,
Reptiles, who lay their bellies on the dust
Before the frown of majesty!—All this
I but expect, nor grudge to bear;—the face
I carry, courts it!—Son of Marcus Junius!
When will the tedious gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty
And throw this vizard of thy madness from thee?
To avenge my father's and my brother's murder!
(And sweet I must confess would be the draught!)
Had this been all—a thousand opportunities
I've had to strike the blow,—and my own life
I had not valued as a rush. But still—
There's something nobler to be done—my soul!
Enjoy the strong conception. Oh! 'tis glorious
To free a groaning country—
To see Revenge
Spring like a lion from its den and, tear
These hunters of mankind! Grant but the time,
Grant but the moment, gods! If I am wanting,
May I drag out this idiot-feigned life
To late old age, and may posterity
Ne'er hear of Junius but as Tarquin's fool!

[*Exit LUCIUS JUNIUS.*]

SCENE III.

A State Apartment in the Palace of TULLIA.

Enter TULLIA, preceded by GUARDS, BANNER BEARERS, LADIES,---and followed by VALERIUS. She appears perturbed, and speaks apart.

Tul. (apart.) Why should the steady mind to shadows yield?

And yet this vision shakes my frame with horror!

I thought his spirit thunder'd in my ear

"Remember, when, wild with ambition's frenzy

And all Rome's empire in your view, you drove

Your chariot wheels o'er your dead father's body,

Up to the shouting forum!" Why, my soul,

Dost thou now shun remembrance of that hour?

'Twas but the cause—the cause—For this base clay

How differs it from the dull earth we tread on

When the life's gone?—But, next, the Sybil came,

Whose mystic book at such a price we bought

And cried, "*The race of Tarquin shall be Kings*

Till a fool drive them hence and set Rome free!"

Strange prophecy!—What fool?—It cannot be

That the poor dolt, companion of my sons—

—Hark thee, Valerius—Know'st thou that same fool

Now in the camp

Val. I know him well.—A man

Who, when he had a name, Was Lucius Junius:—

A braver citizen Rome never boasted,

And wise and learn'd withal; now chang'd, alas!

A spectacle which humbles me to look on!

Tul. But is he harmless in his moody humours?

Val. Tame as my horse, which, though devoid of reason

Shall turn, shall stop, and at my angry bidding

Shall kneel, till I am throned on his back;

And this shall Junius; the like instinct stirs

Junius and him,—no more.

Tul. (apart.) Hence, idle fears!

—Yet, when he went to Delphi, 'tis giv'n out

The oracle address'd him with strange portents
 And each night since, my dreams have been disturb'd
 By a wild form, too much resembling his
 Leading our soldiers forth with sword and flame,
 Revolters from the camp, to storm the palace.
 But he is sent for thence and shall be watch'd.

Enter HORATIUS.

Hor. Your orders are obey'd. Lucius awaits.

Tul. Set him before us. [*Exit. HOR.*]

(*To VALERIUS.*) Tell me, will he answer
 If we do question him?

Val. I think he will:

Yet sometimes when the moody fit doth take him
 He will not speak for days; yea, rather starve
 Than utter nature's cravings: then anon
 He'll prattle shrewdly, with such witty folly
 As almost betters reason.

HORATIUS returns with LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Tul. Hark thee, fellow,
 How art thou call'd?

Lucius. A fool.

Tul. Fool for thy nature;
 Thou answer'st well,—but I demand thy name.

Lucius. Nothing but fool.

Tul. His faculties are brutish;—
 BRUTUS shall be thy name.

Brutus. Thanks to your grace!

Hor. Dost like thy new name, gentle Brute?

Br. So well,

Who will may take the fool. I care not who—
 Your Highness, an it like you.

Hor. I the fool!

Sirrah, good words, or I will have thee beaten,

Br. A fool thou wilt not beat—a brute thou dar'st not,
 For the dull ass will kick against the striker,
 If struck too harshly.

Tul. Let me hear no more ;

There's mischief in his folly. Send him hence.
But stay—I'll search him farther.—Hark thee, Brutus,
Thou wast at Delphi, with our sons the Princes—
Tell me—what questions put they to Apollo?

Br. Your sons did ask who should be chief in Rome.

Tul. Hah ! What replied the oracle to that?

Br. With pains and strugglings the prophetic dame
This destiny reported from her god—

“ Great and most glorious shall that Roman be,

“ Who first shall greet his mother with a kiss.”

Tul. That is fulfill'd by Sextus.

Hor. Aye, he straight

Hasten'd from thence and kissed the queen, his mother.

Br. Woe for me, I have no mother !—

And yet I kiss'd her first.

Tul. Thou kiss'd her ?—Thou ?

Br. Yea, madam, for just then my foot did slip
In the fresh blood of a new-slaughter'd victim,
And, falling, I did kiss my mother—earth.

Tul. Oh, that the earth had swallow'd thee outright
Till thou hadst kiss'd the centre ! I perceive
The gods are leagued, with folly to destroy us.
My very blood chills at my heart.—Away.

[*Exit TULLIA, with GUARDS and LADIES.*]

Hor. Hark thee, thou Brutus ; I in part suspect
Thou ap'st this folly ; if I find thee trifling
Or juggling with the Pythia for predictions,
By all the gods I'll have thee slay'd, thy skin
Strip'd into thongs, to strangle thee withal,
Dissembling varlet !—(*Strikes BRUTUS, who seizes him.*)

Val. Shame, my lord ! forbear !

Threat'ning a fool you do but wrong yourself.

Hor. But that the princes love his son, brave Titus,
My dagger should have pierc'd his throat ere now
And sent him to his mother earth for ever !
He shall be watch'd.—Come, come with me, Valerius.

[*Exit HORATIUS*]

Val. The gods restore thee, Brutus, to thyself,
And us to thee! Farewell! [*Exit VALERIUS.*]

Br. (alone) A little longer,
A little longer yet support me, patience!
The day draws on: it presses to the birth—
I see it in the forming womb of time—
The embryo liberty.—Hah! 'tis my son—
Down, rebel nature, down!—

Enter TITUS.

Ti. Welcome to Rome!
Would I might welcome thee to reason too!

Br. Give me thy hand—nay, give it me—

Ti. What would'st thou?

Speak to thy son.

Br. I had a thing to say,

But I have lost it. Let it pass—no matter.

Ti. Look not upon me with those eyes, but speak;
What is it that annoys thee? Tell thy friend—

How can I serve thee? What dost lack?

Br. Preferment.

Thou canst do much at court.

Ti. Ah, this is nothing!

Br. So much the fitter for a fool's petition,
And a court promise.

Ti. Oh, this trifling racks me.

Br. Lend me thine ear: I'll tell a secret to thee
Worth a whole city's ransom. This it is;

Nay, ponder it, and lock it in thy heart—

There are more fools, my son, in this wise world
Than the gods ever made.

Ti. Say'st thou, my father?

Expound this riddle. If thy mind doth harbour

Aught that imports a son like me to know,

Or knowing to atchieve, declare it.

Br. Now, my son

Should the great gods, who made me what thou art'st,
Repent, and in their vengeance cast upon me

The burden of my senses back again—

What would'st thou say ?

Ti. Oh, my lamented father,

Would the kind gods restore thee to thy reason—

Br. Then, Titus, then I should be mad with reason.

Had I the sense to know myself a Roman,

This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs

Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.

If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the gods

To keep me what I am. Where all are slaves,

None but the fool is happy.

Ti. We are Romans—

Not slaves—

Br. Not slaves? Why, what art thou?

Ti. Thy son.

Dost thou not know me ?

Br. You abuse my folly,

I know thee not—Wert thou my son, ye gods!

Thou would'st tear off this sycophantic robe,

Tuck up thy tunick, trim these curled locks

To the short warrior-cut, vault on thy steed ;

Then, scouring through the city, call to arms

And shout for liberty—

Ti. (*starts*) Defend me, gods !

Br. Hah ! does it stagger thee !

Ti. For liberty ?

Said'st thou for liberty ?—It cannot be.

Br. Indeed !—'tis well—no more.

Ti. What would my father ?

Br. Begone, you trouble me.

Ti. Nay, do not scorn me.

Br. Said I for liberty ? I said it not :

The awful word breath'd in a coward's ear,

Were sacrilege to utter. Hence, begone !

Said I, you were my son ?—'Tis false : I'm foolish ;

My brain is weak and wanders ; you abuse it.

Ti. Ah, do not leave me ; not in anger leave me.

Br. Anger, What's that ? I am content with folly ;

Anger is madness, and above my aim. (*Musick heard*)
 Hark ! here is musick for thee,—food for love,
 And beauty to serve in the rich repast.
 Tarquinia comes. Go, worship the bright sun,
 And let poor Brutus wither in the shade. [*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Ti. Oh, truly said ! bright as the golden sun
 Tarquinia's beauty beams, and I adore !

*Soft musick. TARQUINIA enters, preceded
 by damsels bearing a crown of gold,
 some with censers, &c. proper for the
 ceremonials of a dedication to Fortune.)*

What dedication, or what holy service
 Doth the fair client of the gods provide ?
 In the celestial synod is there one
 Who will not listen to Tarquinia's prayer ?

Tar. I go to Fortune's Temple, to suspend
 Upon the votive shrine, this golden crown.
 While incense fills the fane, and holy hymns
 Are chanted for my brothers' safe return,
 What shall I ask for Titus.

Ti. Tho' the goddess,
 In her blind bounty should unthroned the world,
 To build me one vast empire, my ambition,
 If by thy love unblest, would slight the gift :
 Therefore of Fortune I have nought to ask—
 She hath no interest in Tarquinia's heart,
 Nature, not Fortune, must befriend me there.

Tar. Thy gentle manners, Titus, have endear'd thee,
 Although a subject Roman, to Tarquinia :
 My brother Sextus wears thee next his heart ;
 The Queen herself, of all our courtly youth
 First in her favour holds the noble Titus :
 And though my royal father well may keep
 A jealous eye upon thy Junian race,—
 A race unfriendly to the name of king,—
 Yet, thee he cherishes ; with generous joy .

The monarch sees thy early virtue shoot,
And with a parent's fondness, rears its growth.

Ti. Oh! neither name, nor nature, nor the voice
Of my lost father, could he wake to reason,
Not all the wrongs that tyranny could pile
On my afflicted head,—not all the praise
That patriot gratitude could shower upon me;
Can shake the faithful purpose of my soul
To sever it from love and my Tarquinia.

Tar. Approve that firmness in the shock of trials,
And if my love can recompense thy virtue,
Nor tortures, nor temptations, nor the wreck
Of Rome and empire, shall divide me from thee.
To this I pledge my hand. Now to the Temple!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I:

The Tent of SEXTUS in the Camp before Ardet.

A magnificent Banquet.

SEXTUS, COLLATINUS, CLAUDIUS, AND ARUNS;
discovered drinking.

Sex. Come, then, here's to the fairest nymph in Italy;
And she's in Rome.

Ar. Here's to the fairest nymph in Italy;
And she is not in Rome.

Sex. Where is she then?

Ar. Ask Collatine; he'll swear she's at Collatia.

Sex. His wife!

Ar. Even so.

Cl. Is it so, Collatine?

Well, 'tis praiseworthy in this vicious age
To see a young man true to his own spouse.
Oh, 'tis a vicious age! When I behold
One who is bold enough to steer against
The wind and tide of custom, I behold him
With veneration; 'tis a vicious age,

Col. Laugh on! though I'm the subject! If to love
My wife's ridiculous, I'll join the laugh;
Though I'll not say if I laugh *at*, or *with* you!

Ar. (ironically) The conscious wood was witness to his
sighs,

The conscious Dryads wiped their watery eyes,
For they beheld the wight forlorn, to day,
And so did I;—but I shall not betray.
Here now he is, however, thanks to me;

That is, his semblance, for his soul dwells hence.
 How was it when you parted? (*mimicking*) *She*,—"My
 "love,

"Fear not, good sooth, I'll very constant prove."

He:—"And so will I,—for, wheresoe'er I steer,
 "'Tis but my mortal clay, my soul is here. (*All laugh.*)

Ser. And prythee, Collatine, in what array
 Did the God Hymen, come to thee? How dress'd,
 And how equipp'd? I fear me much, he left
 His torch behind, so that thou could'st not see
 A fault in thy belov'd; or was the blaze
 So burning bright, that thy bedazzled eyes
 Have since refused their office?

Col. And doth Sextus
 Judge by his own experience, then, of others?
 To him, I make no doubt, hath Hymen's torch
 Discover'd faults enough! what pity 'twas
 He had not likewise brought i'th' other hand
 A mirror, where the Prince might read himself.

Ser. I like thee now: thou'rt gay, and I'll be grave.
 As to those dear, delicious creatures, women,
 Hear what my own experience has taught me.
 I've ever found 'em fickle, artful, amorous,
 Fruitful in schemes to please their changeful fancies,
 And fruitful in resources when discover'd.
 They love unceasingly—they never change—
 Oh, never!—no!—excepting in the object.
 Love of new faces is their first great passion;
 Then love of riches, grandeur, giddy sway!
 Knowing all this, I seek not constancy,
 But, to anticipate their wishes, rove,
 Humour their darling passion and am bless'd!

Col. This is the common cant; the stale, gross, idle,
 Unmeaning jargon, of all those, who conscious
 Of their own littleness of soul, avoid
 With timid eye the face of modest virtue:
 Who, mingling only with the base, and flush'd
 With triumphs over those they dare attack,
 The weak, the forward, or deprav'd, declare,

(And fain would make their shallow notions current)
 That womankind are all alike, and hoot
 At virtue, wheresoe'er she passes by them.
 I have seen sparks like these,—and I have seen
 A little worthless village cur, all night
 Bay with incessant noise the silver moon,
 While she, serene, throned in her pearled car
 Sail'd in full state along.—But Sextus' judgment
 Owns not his words,—and the resemblance glances
 On others, not on him.

Sex. Let it glance where and upon whom it will,
 Sextus is careless of the mighty matter.

Now hear what I have seen. I've seen young men
 Who, having fancied they have found perfection—

Col. Sextus, no more—lest I forget myself,
 And thee.—I tell thee, Prince—

Ar. Nay, hold!

Sextus you go too far.

Sex. Why, pray, good Sir, may I not praise the wife
 Of this same testy, froward husband here
 But on his cheek offence must quivering sit,
 And dream'd of insult?

Col. I heed you not, jest on, I'll aid your humour:
 Let Aruns use me for his princely laughter,
 Let Claudius deck me with ironic praise;
 But when you touch a nearer, dearer subject,
 Perish the man, nay, may he doubly perish,
 Who can sit still, and hear, with skulking coolness,
 The least abuse, or shadow of a slight,
 Cast on the woman whom he loves! though here
 Your praise or blame are pointless equally,
 Nor really add the least, nor take away
 From her true value more than they could add
 To th' holy gods, or stain them on their thrones!

Ar. If that a man might dare to ope his lips
 When Collatinus frowns, I would presume
 To say one word in praise of my own wife;
 And I will say, could our eyes stretch to Rome,
 In spite of the perfections of Lucretia,

My wife, who loves her fireside and hates gadding,
 Would prove far otherwise employ'd,—and better,—
 Aye, better, as a woman, than the deity
 Residing at Collatia.

Sex. (aside.) Well timed;—I'll seize th' occasion :
 View this Lucretia ere I sleep, and satisfy
 My senses whether fame has told the truth.
(Aloud) I'll stake my life on't—Let us mount our horses
 And post away this instant towards Rome,—
 That we shall find thy wife, and his, and his,
 Making the most of this, their liberty.
 Why, tis the sex: enjoying to the full
 The swing of license which their husband's absence
 Affords. I'll stake my life that this is true :
 And that my own, (ill as I may deserve it)—
 Knows her state best, keeps best within the bounds
 Her matron duties claim ; that she's at home
 While yours are feasting at their neighbor's houses,
 What say'st thou, Collatine ?

Col. Had I two lives I'd stake them on the trial,
 Nor fear to live both out.

Sex. Let us away then.
 Come, come, my Collatinus,—droop not thus—
 Be gay.

Col. I am not sad.

Sex. But fearful for th' event.

Col. Not in the least.

Sex. A little.

Col. Not a whit.

You do not know Lucretia.

Sex. But we shall.

Let's lose no time. Come, brothers! Let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter BRUTUS.*

Br. (alone) Oh, that some light would beam from
 heav'n to teach me
 When to burst forth and how to gain my purpose.
 For Rome I would resign all other bonds,
 And tear each private tie from my fix'd heart.
 —Ha!—Some one comes! It is my son! He seems
 Rapt in Elysium, and elate with joy! *[Retires.]*

Enter TITUS.

Ti. 'Tis done! 'tis done! auspicious are the fates,
 Tarquinia's word is pledg'd, and all is brightness!
Br. (coming down) That exclamation was too lofty,
 boy:
 Such raptures ill become the troubled times—
 Of such, no more.
Ti. Oh! at an hour like this
 Who could repress the thrill of grateful joy!
Br. (eagerly) What dost thou mean?
Ti. Tarquinia.
Br. What of her?
Ti. Her vows are pledg'd,
 And heaven's propitious smile will make her mine.
Br. Thine? What! Thine? Heav'n make Tarquinia
 thine?
 Away! away! Heav'n spurns the race she springs from!
Ti. How!—Father, wert thou to thyself restor'd,
 Thou would'st exult to see thy son thus blest.
 Our vows are past. They cannot be recall'd.
 And soon the nuptial altar will behold her
 My own for ever.

Br. No, Titus, not for ever!

If thou art mine, thou can'st not be Tarquinia's.
Renounce thy father,—or renounce thy love.

Ti. Nay, loose me, father, this is frenzy all.
E'en hadst thou spoken the dictates of thy soul,
(For sure thou can'st not know what thou requir'st)
I must not, would not, could not, yield Tarquinia.
Nay—let me go—or my rack'd heart will break.

Br. Leave me. Retire. Thine is no Roman heart.
Ere long the moon will change—the moon, my goddess—
And then thou may'st behold a change in Brutus.

Ti. 'Tis as I thought. Folly resumes its reign.
Look on him, oh ye gods!
Grant him once more the treasure now withheld,
And to his son restore a long lost father? [*Exit TITUS.*]

Br. (alone) I was too sudden. I should have delay'd
And watch'd a surer moment for my purpose.
He must be frighted from this dream of love.
What! shall the son of Junius wed a Tarquin!
As yet I've been no father to my son,—
I could be none: but, through the cloud that wraps me,
I've watch'd his mind with all a parent's fondness
And hail'd, with joy, the Junian glory there.
Could I once burst the chains which now enthrall him,
My son would prove the pillar of his country
Dear to her freedom as he is to me.
The time may come when heaven will heal our wrongs—
To your hands, mighty powers, I yield myself—
I will not doubt heaven's goodness or Rome's virtue—
Then, hence despair!— Still, thou and I are twain!

[*Exit BRUTUS*]

SCENE III.

The house of COLLATNIUS, at Collatia.

An apartment, lighted up. LUCRETIA discovered, surrounded by her maids, all employed in embroidery and other female occupations. LAVINIA is by the side of LUCRETIA.

Lav. How long is it, Lavinia, since my lord
Hath chang'd his peaceful mansion, for the camp
And restless scenes of war?

Lav. Why, in my simple estimation, madam,
'Tis some ten days, or thereabout, for time
Runs as it should with me,—in yours, it may be
Perhaps ten years.

Luc. I do not understand thee.
Say'st thou, with me time runs not as it should?
Explain thy meaning—What should make thee think so?

Lav. All that I mean, is, that if I were married,
And that my husband were call'd forth to th' wars,
I should not stray through the grove next my house,
Invoke the pensive solitude, and woo
The dull and silent melancholy,—brood
O'er my own thoughts alone, or keep myself
Within my house mew'd up, a prisoner.
'Tis for philosophers
To love retirement; women were not made
To stand coop'd up like statues in a niche,
Or feed on their own secret contemplations.

Luc. Go to; thou know'st not what thou say'st,
Lavinia.

I thank the gods who taught me that the mind
Possess'd of conscious virtue, is more rich
Than all the sunless hoards which Plutus boasts;
And that the chiefest glory of a woman
Is in retirement,—that her highest comfort

Results from home-born and domestic joy,—
 Her noblest treasure, a deserving husband !
 —Who, not a prisoner to the eye alone,
 A fair complexion or melodious voice,
 Shall read her deeper,—nor shall time, which palls
 The rage of passion, shake his ardent love,
 Increasing by possession. This, (again I thank
 The gracious gods)—this husband, too, is mine !
 —Soft—I hear footsteps ! Hour of rapture ! Look !
 My life, my love, my Collatinus comes !

Enter COLLATINUS, SEXTUS, ARUNS, and CLAUDIUS.

LUCRETIA rushes into the arms of COLLATINUS.

My lord, most welcome !

Col. Welcome these, my friends,
 Lucretia !—our right royal master's sons ;
 Passing this way I have prevail'd with them
 To grace our humble mansion.

Luc. Welcome yourself !
 And doubly welcome, that you bring such friends.
 Haste maidens, haste—make ready for our guests !

[*Exeunt MAIDS.*]

My heart is full of joy !

Ar. Rather, fair lady,
 You should be angry, that, unseasonably,
 And with abrupt intrusion, we've thus broke
 Upon your privacy.

Luc. No, my good lord ;
 Those to whom love and my respect, are due
 Can ne'er intrude upon me ;—had I known
 This visit, you, perhaps, might have been treated
 With better cheer,—not a more kind reception.
 This evening, little did I think my house
 Would have possess'd such lodgers.

Cl. Rather, lady,
 Such birds of passage ;—we must hence to night.

Luc. To night ? Doth not my lord say no to that ?

Col. I would, Lucretia ; but it cannot be.
 If aught the house affords, my dearest love,

To set before your guests, I pray prepare it :
 We must be at the camp ere morning dawn.
 An hour or two will be the utmost limit
 Allow'd us here.

Luc. With all the speed I can
 I'll play the caterer ; though I am tempted,
 Would that delay your journey, to be tardy
 And prove a sluggish housewife. [*Exit LUCRETIA.*]

Sex. This is indeed a wife ! Here the dispute
 Must end ;--

And, Collatinus, we must yield to thee !

Ar. I will not envy thee,--but 'tis a wife
 Of wives,--a precious diamond, pick'd
 From out the common pebbles. To have found her
 At work among her maids at this late hour,
 And not displeas'd at our rude interruption,--
 Not to squeeze out a quaint apology,
 As, "*I am quite asham'd ; so unprepar'd ;*
 "*Who could have thought ! Would I had known of it !*"
 And such like tacit hints, to tell her guests
 She wishes them away--thou 'rt happy, Collatine.

Col. Enough, enough.
 The gods forbid I should affect indifference,
 And say you flatter me. I am most happy.--
 But Sextus heeds us not. He seems quite lost.

Col. Now we are here,
 We shall encroach but little on our time
 If we partake the slender fare together
 Which will, by this, await us. Pray my lords,
 This way. [*Exit COLLATINUS.*]

Sex. Along--I'll follow strait.

[*Exit ARUNS and CLAUDIUS.*]

Sex. (*apart*) Had she staid here till now, I should have
 done

Nothing but gaze. Nymphs, goddesses
 Are fables ;--nothing can, in heaven or earth
 Be half so fair !--But there's no hope !--Her face,
 Her look, her eye, her manners, speak a heart

Unknowing of deceit ; a soul of honour,
Where frozen chastity has fix'd her throne
And unpolluted nuptial sanctity.
—Peace, undigested thoughts!—Down—down ! till ripen'd
By further time, ye bloom. [*Erit.*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*The Capitol. The Equestrian Statue of Tarquin. Night.
Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. (alone) Slumber forsakes me and I court the horrors
Which night and tempest swell on every side.
Launch forth thy thunders, capitolian Jove !
Put fire into the languid souls of men,
Let loose thy ministers of wrath amongst them
And crush the vile oppressor ! Strike him down
Ye lightnings ! Lay his trophies in the dust !

(Storm encreases)

Ha ! this is well !—flash, ye blue forked fires !
Loud-bursting thunders, roar ! and tremble earth !

*(A violent crash of thunder, and the statue
of Tarquin, struck by a flash, is shat-
ter'd to pieces.)*

What ! fallen at last, proud idol ! struck to earth !
I thank you, gods ! I thank you ! When you point
Your shafts at human pride, it is not chance,
'Tis wisdom levels the commission'd blow.
But I—a thing of no account—a slave—
I to your forked lightnings bare my bosom
In vain—for what's a slave ? a dastard slave ?
A fool, a Brutus ? *(Storm encreases.)* Hark ! the storm
rides on !

The scolding winds drive through the clattering rain,
And loudly screams the haggard witch of night—
Strange hopes possess my soul. My thoughts grow wild,

Engender with the scene and pant for action.
With your leave, majesty, I'll sit beside you.

(Sits on a fragment of the statue.)

Oh, for a cause! A cause, ye mighty gods!

Enter VALERIUS, followed by a MESSENGER.

Val. What! Collatinus sent for, didst thou say?

Mes. Ayé, Collatinus, thou, and all her kinsmen,
To come upon the instant to Collatia.
She will take no denial. Time is precious
And I must hasten forth to bring her husband.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

(Br. apart) Ha! Collatinus and Lucretia's kinsmen!
There's something dark in this—Valerius too—
Well met—Now will I put him to the test—
Valerius—Hoa!

Val. Who calls me?

Br. Brutus.

Val. Go,

Get thee to bed!

[VALERIUS is departing.]

Br. Valerius!

Val. Peace, I say,

Thou foolish thing! Why dost thou call so loud?

Br. Because I will be heard. The time may come
When thou shalt want a fool.

Val. Pr'ythee, begone!

I have no time to hear thy prattle now.

Br. By Hercules, but you must hear. *[Seizing his arm.]*

Val. You'll anger me.

Br. Waste not your noble anger on a fool.

'Twere a brave passion in a better cause.

Val. Thy folly's cause enough.

Br. Rail not at folly---

There's but one wise,
And him the gods have kill'd.

Val. Kill'd?—Whom?

Br. Behold!

Oh, sight of pity!—Majesty in ruins!

Down on your knees—down to your kingly idol!

Val. Let slaves and sycophants do that; not I.

Br. Wilt thou not kneel?

Val. Begone; you trouble me.

Valerius kneels not to the living Tarquin.

Br. Indeed!—Belike you wish him laid as low.

Val. What if I do?

Br. Jove tells thee what to do—

Strike!—Oh! the difference 'twixt Jove's wrath and thine!

He, at the crowned tyrant aims his shaft,

Thou, mighty man, would'st frown a fool to silence

And spurn poor Brutus from thee.

Val. What is this?

Let me look nearer at thee. Is thy mind

That long lost jewel, found,—and Lucius Junius,

Dear to my heart, restor'd? or art thou Brutus,

The scoff and jest of Rome, and this a fit

Of intermittent reason?

Br. I am Brutus.

Folly, be thou my goddess! I am Brutus

If thou wilt use me, so!—If not, farewell.

Why dost thou pause? look on me! I have limbs,

Muscles and sinews, shoulders strong to bear,

And hands not slow to strike. What more than Brutus

Could Lucius Junius do?

Val. A cause like ours

Asks both the strength of Brutus and the wisdom

Of Lucius Junius.

Br. No more. We're interrupted.

Val. Farewell. Hereafter we'll discourse

And may the gods confirm the hope you've waken'd.

[Exit VALERIUS.]

Br. (alone) My soul expands! my spirit swells within
me

As if the glorious moment were at hand!

Sure this is Sextus—why has he left the camp?

Alone!—and muffled!—

Enter SEXTUS wrapped in a mantle.

Welcome, gentle prince?

Sex. Ha! Brutus here!—Unhous'd amid the storm?

Br. Whence com'st thou prince? from battle? from the camp?

Sex. Not from the camp, good Brutus—from Collatia—
The camp of Venus,—not of Mars, good Brutus.

Br. Ha!

Sex. Why dost thou start?—thy kinswoman, Lucretia—

Br. (eagerly) Well—what of her? speak!

Sex. Aye, I will speak,—
And I'll speak *that* shall fill thee with more wonder,
Than all the lying oracle declar'd.

Br. Nay, prince, not so,—you cannot do a deed
To make me wonder.

Sex. Indeed! Dost think it?—

Then let me tell thee, Brutus,—wild with passion
For this fam'd matron,—tho' we met but once,—
Last night I stole in secret from the camp
Where, in security, I left her husband.
She was alone. I said affairs of consequence
Had brought me to Collatia. She receiv'd me
As the king's son, and as her husband's friend—

Br. (apart) Patience, oh heart—a moment longer,
patience!

Sex. When midnight came, I crept into her chamber—

Br. (apart) Inhuman monster!

Sex. Alarm'd and frantic

She shriek'd out "Collatinus! Husband! Help!"
A slave rush'd in—I sprung upon the caitiff,
And drove my dagger through his clamorous throat;
Then, turning to Lucretia, now half dead
With terror, swore, by all the gods at once,
If she resisted, to the heart I'd stab her,
Yoke her fair body to the dying slave
And fix pollution to her name for ever!

Br. And—and—the matron?—

Sex. Was mine!

'Brutus' (with a burst of frenzy)

The furies curse you then!—Lash you with snakes
When forth you walk may the red, flaming, sun
Strike you with livid plagues!—
Vipers that die not, slowly gnaw your heart!
May earth be to you but one wilderness!
May mankind shun you—may you hate yourself—
For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures
Millions of years expiring!

Sex. Amazement! What can mean this sudden frenzy?

Br. What? Violation! Do we dwell in dens
In cavern'd rocks,—or amongst men in Rome?

[Thunder and lightning become very violent.]

Hear the loud curse of heaven! 'Tis not for nothing
The thunderer keeps this coil above your head!

[Points to the fragments of the statue]

Look on that ruin! See your father's statue
Unhors'd and headless! Tremble at the omen!

Sex. This is not madness. Ha!—my dagger lost!—
Wretch!—thou shalt not escape me!—Ho! a guard!—
The rack shall punish thee!—A guard, I say!

[Exit SEXTUS.]

Br. (alone) The blow is struck!—The anxious messages
To Collatinus and his friends explain'd,
And now, Rome's liberty or loss is certain!
I'll hasten to Collatia—join my kinsmen—
To the moon, folly!—Vengeance, I embrace thee!

[Exit BRUTUS.]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the house of Collatinus. COLLATINUS enters wildly, a bloody dagger in his hand, followed by VALERIUS and LUCRETIVS.

Col. *She's dead. Lucretia's dead! I pluck'd this steel
From my Lucretia's heart! This is her blood!
Howl, howl, ye men of Rome. Look there, she lies
That was your wonder.
Ye mighty gods, where are your thunders now?
Ye men and warriors, have you human hearts?
But who shall dare to mourn her loss like me!

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. I dare,—and so dare every honest Roman.

Luc. Whence comes this mad intrusion? hence, begone!

Br. The noble spirit fled! How died Lucretia?

Val. By her own hand she died!

Br. Heroic matron!

Now, now the hour is come! By this one blow
Her name's immortal and her country sav'd!

Hail, dawn of glory! (*snatching the dagger*) Hail, thou
sacred weapon!

Virtue's deliverer, hail! This fatal steel
Empurpled with the purest blood on earth,
Shall cut your chains of slavery asunder!
Hear, Romans, hear! did not the Sybil tell you
A fool should set Rome free? I am that fool;
Brutus bids Rome be free!

Val. What can this mean?

Br. It means that Lucius Junius has thrown off
The mask of madness and his soul rides forth

* The scene which was omitted after the first representation, and for which this introductory speech of Collatinus is substituted, will be found in a note at the end of the Play.

On the destroying whirlwind, to avenge
The wrongs of that bright excellence and Rome!

Luc. Can this be Lucius Junius?

Val. Ha! The voice
Of inspiration speaks!

Col. Oh, glorious Brutus,
Let me in tears adore the bounteous gods
Who have restor'd thee to redress my woes;
And in my woes, my country.

Br. No more of this.
Stand not in wonder. Every instant now
Is precious to your cause. Rise! Snatch your arms!

(*BRUTUS kneels*)

Hear me, great Jove! and thou, paternal Mars,
And spotless Vesta! To the death I swear
My burning vengeance shall pursue these Tarquins!
Ne'er shall my limbs know rest till they are swept
From off the earth, which groans beneath their infamy!
This, from the bottom of my soul I swear!

(*He rises*)

Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius,—all—
Here, I adjure ye by this fatal dagger,
All stain'd and reeking with her sacred blood,
Be partners in my oath, revenge her fall!

All. We swear!

Br. Well have ye said: and, oh! methinks I see
The hovering spirit of the murder'd matron,
Look down and bow her airy head to bless you!
Summon your slaves, and bear the body hence
High in the view, through all the streets of Rome,
Up to the Forum!—On! The least delay,
May draw down ruin and defeat our glory!
On, Romans, on! The fool shall set you free!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

*The Palace of TULLIA.**Enter FLAVIUS CORUNNA, in haste, meeting HORATIUS.*

Cor. My lord, my lord! Quick, tell me; where's the queen?

Hor. Whence this alarm? what would'st thou?

Cor. Rebellion rages—

Hor. Rebellion!

Cor. Lucretia,

The wife of Collatinus, is no more.

The furious multitude have borne her body

With shouts of vengeance through the streets of Rome,

And "Sextus Tarquin," is the general cry.

Hor. Where are thy troops? why dost thou dally here,
When thou should'st pay their insolence with death.

Cor. The soldiers join the throng—the gates are clos'd,
And the mad crowd exclaim, "We banish Tarquin."
Brutus all wild with vengeance leads them on.

Hor. What miracle is this? How sayst thou, Brutus?

Cor. Aye, the fool Brutus. Now before the rostrum
The body of Lucretia is expos'd,
And Brutus there harraunges assembled Rome.
He waves aloft

The bloody dagger; all the people hear him

With wildest admiration and applause;

He speaks as if he held the souls of men

In his own hand, and moulded them at pleasure.

They look on him as they would view a god,

Who, from a darkness which invested him,

Springs forth, and knitting his stern brow in frowns,

Proclaims the vengeful will of angry Jove.

Hor. Fly thro' the city; gather all the force

You can assemble, and straight hasten hither.

I'll to the Queen—Lose not a moment. Hence!

I tremble for Rome's safety!—haste—begone!

[Exeunt at opposite sides.]

SCENE IV.

The Forum.

The populace fill the stage. BRUTUS is discovered upon the Forum. The dead body of LUCRETIA is on a bier beneath. COLLATINUS LUCRETIVS and the FEMALE ATTENDANTS of LUCRETIA, stand around her corpse. VALERIUS and others are seen.

Br. Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story :
And now, to say one word of the imposture,—
The mask necessity has made me wear.
When the ferocious malice of your king,—
King do I call him?—When the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?

1st. Rom. Most wonderful!

2d. Rom. Silence! he speaks again.

Br. Would you know why I summon'd you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was form'd,
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild
And never resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks
And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine
Can I conceive beyond her;—the young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds

Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
 Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose,—
 How from the shade of those ill neighbouring plants
 Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
 Was blighted, but array'd in purest grace,
 She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such perfections
 Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age
 To long forgotten rapture; such a mind
 Might have abash'd the boldest libertine,
 And turn'd desire to reverential love
 And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen!
 You all can witness when that she went forth
 It was a holiday in Rome; old age
 Forgot its crutch, labour its task, all ran,
 And mothers turning to their daughters, cried,
 "There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye where she lies!
 That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose
 Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone!

All. Sextus shall die!

Br. But then—the king—his father—

1st R. What shall be done with him?

2d R. Speak Brutus!

3d R. Tell us!

Br. Say, would ye seek instructions? would ye ask
 What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls
 Which saw his poison'd brother, saw the incest
 Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!
 Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
 O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, Revenge!
 Ask yonder senate house, whose stones are purple
 With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
 Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,
 And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son,
 Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
 The temples of the gods, the all viewing heavens,
 The gods themselves, shall justify the cry
 And swell the general sound, Revenge, Revenge!

All. Revenge! Revenge!

Br. And we will be reveng'd, my countrymen !
 Brutus shall lead you on ; Brutus, a name
 Which will, when you're reveng'd, be dearer to him
 Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

1st R. Live, Brutus !

2d R. Valiant Brutus !

3d R. Down with Tarquin !

2d R. We'll have no Tarquins !

1st R. We will have a Brutus !

3d R. Let's to the capitol, and shout for Brutus.

Br. I, your king !

Brutus your king !—No, fellow-citizens!

*If mad ambition in this guilty frame
 Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one—
 By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
 Should rip it out, though it entwin'd my heart.*

Val. Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus !
 Brutus, the new restor'd ! Brutus, by Sybil,
 By Pythian prophetess foretold, shall lead us !

Br. Now take the body up. Bear it before us
 To Tarquin's palace ; there we'll light our torches,
 And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
 A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
 Her soul amongst the stars. Oh ! Brutus leads you !

[Exeunt ; the mob shouting.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A court belonging to TARQUIN's palace. In the front a grand entrance, with folding gates closed.

Enter TULLIA.

Tul. (alone) Gods! whither shall a frantic mother fly?
Accursed siege of Ardea! Tarquin, Tarquin,
Where art thou? Save thy wife, thy son, thy city!

Enter TITUS.

Ti. Where is the prince; where's Sextus?

Tul. Where? Oh, heavens!

His madness hath undone us! Where is Sextus?
Perhaps ev'n now the barbarous ruffians hurl him
Alive into the flames, or piecemeal drag
Along the rebel streets his mangled trunk——

Ti. No more. I'll save him, or avenge——

(Going, HORATIUS meets and stops him.)

Hor. Turn, noble Roman, turn;
Set not your life upon a desperate stake.
Hark, they are at the gates!

Tul. Does my son live?

Hor. Furious he sprang upon the rabble throng,
And hew'd his desperate passage: but the time
Admits no further question—Save yourself!

Tul. Let the tide enter;

Let the vile rabble look upon the eyes
Of majesty, and tremble. Who leads them on?

Hor. Your new nam'd fool, your Brutus.

Ti. Death! my father!

Tul. Brutus in arms!

Oh, Sybil! Oh, my fate! farewell to greatness!
I've heard my doom.

Ti. Earth, earth, inclose me!

Tul. Hark! it bursts upon us! [*Shouts are heard.*]

Hor. Ha! nearer yet! now be propitious Mars!

Now, nerve my arm with more than mortal fury
Till the dissembler sink beneath its vengeance.

[*Exit HOR.*]

Tul. Fly! save my child---save my---save your Tarquinia.

Ti. Or die, defending. [*Exit TITUS.*]

Tumult becomes very violent, and the battering at the gate and wall commences.

Tul. Ah! if amidst my legions I might fall
Death were not then inglorious; but to perish
By the vile scum of Rome---hunted by dogs---
Baited to death by brawling, base mechanics---
Shame insupportable.

(The gate and wall are shattered down. The palaces behind are in flames. The soldiers and populace rush over the ruins. BRUTUS appears in the midst of them and advances to the front.)

Br. Seize the parricide! (*They advance and surround her.*)

Tul. Avaunt! I am your queen.

Br. Tarquins! we cast you from us.

Tul. Give me a sword and let me fall like Tullia.

Br. No, we reserve our swords for nobler uses
Than to make war with women: To the Tarquins,
To your adulterous son we leave that shame.

Tul. If then 'twill better sate thy cruelty,
Precipitate me quick into those flames,
And with the wreck of empire mix my ashes.

Br. Take her to Rhea's Temple, take her hence
And lodge her with her ancestors.

Tul. Ye gods!

My father's sepulchre!--I'll not approach it.

Br. 'Twill furnish wholesome recollection. Hence!

Tul. Not to that fatal place! Send me not thither!

Br. 'Tis fix'd

Tul. Choose the most loathsome dungeon—there confine me,

Or give me death instead. My heart recoils
Against that temple.

Br. There, and only there,
By your dead father's tomb, you must abide
The judgment of the state.

Tul. Then, by the gods
Whom, for the last time, I invoke,—whose shrines
I've incens'd o'er and o'er, though now forsaken,
Now at my utmost need,—if no means else
Of ready death present themselves
No particle of food shall pass these lips,
Till, in the void of nature, hungry madness
With blank oblivion entering, shall confound
And cancel all perception.

[*Exit TULLIA, guarded.*]

Enter TITUS who meets BRUTUS as he is going off.

Ti. Turn, oh my father,
And look upon thy son.

Br. What would'st thou? speak!

Ti. If thou hast reason, oh, have mercy also!
But if in madness thou hast done this deed—

Br. I am not mad but as the lion is
When he breaks down the toils that tyrant craft
Hath spread to catch him. Think not we will suffer
These monsters to profane the air of Heaven.
Shall Titus, then, oppose our great design?
Shall Brutus meet a recreant in his son?
Banish this folly!—Have a care—I know thee
There is a lurking passion at thy heart
Which leaves but half a soul for Rome and me!

Ti. You wrong me. Like a Roman I exult
To see Lucretia's murder thus aveng'd—
And like a son glory in such a father!
Yet hear me through,—Nay, do not frown, but hear

Br. Go on; confess thy weakness and dismiss it.

Ti. 'Twas in the sleep of my dear father's reason,
When Tarquin's freed-man in a saucy mood,
Vented vile jests at thy unhappy weakness,
Stung to the quick, I snatch'd a weapon up
And fell'd him to my foot.

Br. Why, 'Twas well done.

The knave was saucy and you slew him.---On!

Ti. 'Twas on this very spot Tarquinia stood,
And when the wrathful father had denounc'd
Immediate death on this my filial act,
She with the tongue of interceding pity,
And tears that stream'd in concert with her suit,
Implor'd, prevail'd, and gave me life---and love.

Br. 'Tis well. Behold, I give her life for life:
Rome may be free altho' Tarquinia lives---
This I concede; but more if thou attemptest,---
By all the gods!---Nay, if thou dost not take
Her image, though with smiling cupids deck'd,
And pluck it from thy heart, there to receive
Rome and her glories in without a rival,
Thou art no son of mine, thou art no Roman.

[*Exit. BRUTUS.*]

Enter TARQUINIA.

Tar. Save, save me, Titus! Oh, amid the crash
Of falling palaces, preserve Tarquinia!
Or, do I meet in thee a double rebel,
Traitor alike to me and to your king?
Speak, I conjure thee! Will the son of Brutus
Now take me to his pity and protection,
Or stab with perfidy the heart that loves him!

Ti. Cruel suspicion! Oh, ador'd Tarquinia
I live but to preserve you. You are free:
I have my father's sanction for your safety.

Tar. I scorn a life that is preserv'd by Brutus!
I scorn to outlive parents, brothers, friends!
I'll die with those
Whom this dire night hath murder'd.

Ti. Who are murder'd?

Whom hath the sword of Brutus slain? Not one
Of all thy kindred--

Tar. Say'st thou? Lives my mother?

Ti. She lives--and Sextus,--even he escapes
The storm which he has rais'd and flies to Ardea.

Tar. Speed him, ye gods, with eagle swiftness thither!
And may those thunders which now shake the walls
Of tottering Ardea, like a whirlwind burst
On this devoted city, overwhelm its towers,
And crush the traitorous hive beneath their ruins!
Now, Titus, where is now thy promis'd faith?
Did'st thou not swear no dangers should divide us?

Ti. I did; and, constant to my oath, behold me
Thy faithful guardian in this night of terrors.

Tar. Be still my guardian; snatch me from these terrors
Bear me to Ardea, be the friend of nature,
And give the rescued daughter to the arms
Of her protecting parent; thus you gain
The praise of men, the blessing of the gods,
And all that honor, all that love can grant.

Ti. Despair! Distraction! Whither shall I turn me!

Tar. Why do you waver? Cast away this weakness:
Be glorious in your cruelty and leave me.
By all the demons who prepare the heart
To rush upon the self-destroying steel,
The same dire moment which gives thee to Brutus,
Gives me to death.

Ti. Horror! Tarquinia, hold!

Tar. Lo! I am arm'd.--Farewell!--How I have lov
you
My death shall witness,--how you have deceiv'd me
Let your own conscience tell. Now to your father!
Now go and mingle with the murderers;
Go, teach those fiends what perjury can do,
And shew your hands bath'd in Tarquinia's blood;
The filial deed shall welcome you to Brutus,
And fill his gloomy soul with savage joy.

Ti. Take, take me hence for ever! Let me lose
In these dear arms the very name of son,

All claims of nature, every sense but love !

Tar. The gods that guard the majesty of Rome,
And that sweet power, whose influence turns thy heart
To pity and compliance, shall reward
And bless thee for the deed !

Ti. Can he be blest
On whom a father's direful curse shall fall ?

Tar. A madman's imprecation is no curse.
Be a man.

Ti. Oh, while thy love upholds me, I can stand
Against the world's contempt ; remember, only,
For whose dear sake I am undone ; remember
My heart was honour's once.

Tar. And shall be ever.
Come, I will shew thee where bright honour grows,
Where thou shalt pluck it from the topmost branch,
And wear it in its freshest, fairest bloom.

[*Exeunt TITUS and TARQUINIA.*]

SCENE II.

A Street in Rome.

Enter HORATIUS and CELIUS.

or. Brutus and Collatinus are appointed
To sovereign sway, as consuls for the year.
Their self elected senate meets to-morrow.
Tho' some remain, too honest for their views
These for security exact conditions---
They ask a chief whose well establish'd fame
May win the hearts of this inconstant people ;
A chief so brave, that should we prove victorious
He may compel the king to keep his faith ;
Or, if we fall, boldly revenge our deaths---
And such a chief I've found.

Cel. Indeed !--In whom ?

Hor. The consul's son---his much lov'd son---young
Titus.

Cel. What! to rebel against his father's power!

Hor. Aye, he is ours. This very night, Tarquinia
Will lead him forth to the Quirinal gate
Whence they straight hasten to the camp at Ardea.
Impetuous youth is wrought upon with ease.
Though 'tis his father's frown upon his love,
And early vows pledg'd to the fair Tarquinia,
Alone, which prompt him thus to head our band,
Once in our pow'r, we'll mould him to our ends;
His very name will prove a tower of strength,
And Rome, once more, shall be restor'd to Tarquin.

Cel. Bravely resolv'd!—But tell me—where is Tullia?

Hor. A captive and confin'd in Rhea's temple,
Watch'd by the vestals, who there guard the flame
Upon the tomb where lies her murder'd father.
Unhappy Queen! our swords shall soon release thee!
Come! Hence at once! The hour draws near—away—
Ere two days pass these reptiles shall be crush'd
And humbled Rome sue for its monarch's pardon.

[*Exeunt HORATIUS and CELIUS.*]

Enter LUCRETIVS and VALERIUS.

Val. That was Horatius 'parted, was it not?

Luc. The same.

Val. Am I deciev'd? Methinks I heard
Something like discontent and treason mutter'd.

Luc. I fear all is not safe. Assembled groups
Of Tarquin's friends have been seen close in conference
Muttering his name aloud. Aye, and some base
Degenerate Romans call'd for a surrender.

Val. Horatius' arts may justly wake suspicion;—
And Rome, we know, is still disgrac'd by many
Too base, too sordid, to be bravely free.
Let us go forth and double all the guards,
See their steps watch'd and intercept their malice.

Luc. Nay—there's a safer course than that—arrest them!

Val. The laws and rights we've sworn to guard, forbid it!

Let them be watch'd. We must not venture farther.
 To arrest a Roman upon bare surmise
 Would be at once to imitate the tyrant
 Whom we renounce and from his throne have driven!

[*Exit LUCRETIVS and VALERIUS.*]

SCENE III.

*The Temple of Rhea, with a large central door leading
 to the Tomb of Servius Tullius, late King of Rome.
 Lamps burning.*

PRIESTESS of Rhea. VIRGINS of the Temple.

Pr. Daughters of Rhea, since the lords of Rome
 Have to your holy hands consign'd the charge
 Of their now captive Queen, inform the Priestess
 How your sad prisoner abides her durance.
 Is her great soul yet humbled, or indignant
 Doth it still breathe defiance and contempt?

Vir. Sullen and silent she resolves on death:
 She will not taste of nourishment. See, she comes!

Enter TULLIA.

Pr. I pray you, royal lady, be entreated—

Tul. I tell you, no!

Pr. Think what a train of weary hours have pass'd
 Since you had taste of food.

Tul. 'Tis well! So many
 Being gone by, the fewer are to come.

Pr. How can you live to meet your royal husband,
 To fold your children in your arms again
 If you resist support?

Tul. Alas! well remember'd!
 What news from Ardea? Will he march for Rome?

Hark ! Do you hear his trumpet ? Is he coming ?

Aye, this is hope and worth the feeding.

'Tis well. 'Tis well.

But, tell me—doth the king know of this kindness ?

Pr. What king ? we comprehend you not.

Tul. What king ?

Brutus, the king of Rome,—knows he of this ?

Pr. He does.

Tul. And would he I should live ?

Pr. He would.

Tul. Merciful villain !

Yes, he would have me live to page his triumphs.

I know the utmost of his mercy—

Subtle traitor ! I will not taste of food

Though immortality were grafted to each atom—

Hark ! What is that ?

Heard you that groan ?

Pr. It is your fancy's coinage.

Tul. Again ! 'Tis deep and hollow :

It issues from the vault—Set the door open !

Open, I say.

Pr. It is your father's sepulchre.

Tul. My father ! righteous gods, I kill'd my father !

Horrible retribution !

Pr. Wretched daughter,

If thou hast done this deed, prepare thy spirit

By wholesome meditation for atonement,

And let no passion interrupt the task

Of penitence and prayer.

Tul. I'll pray no more.

There is no mercy in the skies for murder,

Therefore no praying, none.

I have a plea for my impenitence—

Madness !

These groans have made me mad ; all the night through

They howl'd distraction to my sleepless brain !

You've shut me up with furies to torment me,

And starv'd me into madness. Hark ! again !

Unbar the door !
 Unbar it, I command you by the gods !
 The voice is more than human which I hear !
 I'll enter there—I will be satisfied
 Altho' the confirmation should present
 His awful form
 And drive me into worse perdition
 Than hell hath yet a name for !

(She rushes forward. The priestess and vestal in confusion and alarm, spring to the bar, which, falling with a crash, the door flies open, and discovers a monumental figure of SERVIUS TULLIUS. TULLIA recoils, shrieks, falls, and expires. The others groupe around her, and the Curtain falls to soft music.)

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Street in Rome, with the Temple of MARS in view.

*Enter BRUTUS and COLLATINUS, as Consuls, with LIC-
TORS, VALERIUS, LUCRETIUS, and numerous fol-
lowers.*

Br. You judge me rightly, friends. The purpled robe,
The curule chair, the lictors' keen edg'd axe,
Rejoice not Brutus;—'tis his country's freedom:
When once that freedom shall be firmly rooted
Then, with redoubled pleasure, will your Consul
Exchange the splendid miseries of power,
For the calm comforts of a happy home.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. All health to Rome, her Senate and her Consuls!

Br. Speak on—What message hast thou to impart?

Mess. I bring intelligence of Sextus Tarquin,
Who, on arriving at a neighbouring village
Was known, and by the people ston'd to death.

Br. Now, Lucretia!
Thy ghost may cease to wander o'er the earth
And rest in peace!

Luc. Heaven's ways are just!

Col. Yet I regret the villain should be slain
By any hand but mine!

Enter a CENTURION.

Cent. Health to Brutus!
Shame and confusion to the foes of Rome!

Br. Now, without preface, soldier, to your business.

Cent. As I kept watch at the Quirinal gate

Ere break of day, an armed company
 Burst on a sudden through the barrier guard
 Pushing their course for Ardea. Straight alarm'd
 I wheel'd my cohort round and charg'd 'em home :
 Sharp was the conflict for a while and doubtful,
 Till, on the seizure of Tarquinia's person,
 A young Patrician—

Per. Hah! Patrician?

Cent. Such

His dress bespoke him, though to me unknown.

Br. Proceed!—What more?

Cent. The lady being taken,

This youth, the life and leader of the band,

His sword high waving in the act to strike,

Dropt his uplifted weapon, and at once

Yielded himself my prisoner.—Oh, Valerius,

What have I said, that thus the Consul changes?

Br. Why do you pause? Go on.

Cent. Their leader seiz'd,

The rest surrender'd. Him, a settled gloom

Possesses wholly, nor as I believe

Hath a word pass'd his lips, to all my questions

Still obstinately shut.

Br. Set him before us.

[*Exit CENTURION.*]

Val. Oh, my brave friend, horror invades my heart,

Br. Silence. Be calm.

Val. I know thy soul

A compound of all excellence, and pray

The mighty gods to put thee to no trial

Beyond a mortal bearing.

Br. No, they will not—

Nay, be secure, they cannot. Pr'ythee, friend,

Look out, and if the worst that can befall me

Be verified, turn back, and give some sign

What thou hast seen—Thou can'st excuse this weakness

Being thyself a father.

[*VALERIUS gives the sign.*]

Ha!—Enough:

I understand thee:—Since it must be so,

Do your great pleasure, gods!—Now, now it comes!
TITUS and TARQUINIA are brought in, guarded. TITUS advances. TARQUINIA remains in the back ground.

Ti. My father!—Give me present death, ye powers!

Cent. What have I done!—Art thou the son of Brutus?

Ti. No—Brutus scorns to father such a son!

Oh, venerable judge, wilt thou not speak?
 Turn not away; hither direct thine eyes,
 And look upon this sorrow-stricken form,
 Then to thine own great heart remit my plea,
 And doom as nature dictates.

Val. Peace, you'll anger him—

Be silent and await! Oh, suffering mercy,
 Plead in a father's heart and speak for nature!

BRUTUS turns away from his son, waves his hand to the Centurion to remove him to a further distance, and then walks forward, and calls COLLATINUS down to him.

Br. Come hither, Collatinus. The deep wound
 You suffer'd in the loss of your Lucretia,
 Demanded more than fortitude to bear;
 I saw your agony—I felt your woe—

Col. You more than felt it;—you reveng'd it too.

Br. But, ah, my brother Consul,—your Lucretia
 Fell nobly, as a Roman spirit should—
 She fell, a model of transcendent virtue.

Col. My mind misgives. What dost thou aim at,
 Brutus?

Br. (almost overpower'd)—That youth—my Titus—was
 my age's hope—

I lov'd him more than language can express—

I thought him born to dignify the world.

Col. My heart bleeds for you—He may yet be sav'd—

Br. (firmly) Consul,—for Rome I live,—not for myself.
 I dare not trust my firmness in this crisis
 Warring 'gainst every thing my soul holds dear!
 Therefore return without me to the senate—
 I ought not now to take a seat among them—
 Haply my presence might restrain their justice.

Look that these traitors meet their trial straight,---
 And then dispatch a messenger to tell me
 How the wise fathers have dispos'd of-----Go!---

[*COLLATINUS goes out on one side, attended:--and as BRUTUS is departing on the other side, TARQUINIA rushes forward.*]

Tar. Stop,---turn and hear the daughter of your king!
 I speak for justice---mercy thou hast none.
 For him, your son,
 By gratitude and love I drew him off!
 I preserv'd his life---
 Who shall condemn him for protecting mine?

Br. We try the *crime*; the motive, Heaven will judge.
 My honour he hath stabb'd---I pardon that,
 He hath done more---he hath betray'd his country.
 That is a crime which every honest heart
 That beats for freedom, every Roman feels,
 And the full stream of Justice must have way.

Tar. Because thy soul was never sway'd by love
 Canst thou not credit what his bosom felt?

Br. I can believe that beauty such as thine
 May spread a thousand fascinating snares
 To lure the wavering and confound the weak;
 But what is honour, which a sigh can shake?
 What is his virtue, whom a tear can melt?
 Truth,---valour,---justice,---constancy of soul,---
 These are the attributes of manly natures:---
 Be woman e'er so beauteous, man was made
 For nobler uses than to be her slave.

Tar. Hard, unrelenting man! Are these the fruits
 Of filial piety,---and hath thy son
 Wearied the gods with pray'rs, till they restor'd
 A mind, and gave thee reason? Would to Heaven
 They'd given thee mercy too! 'twould more become thee
 Than these new ensigns, Brutus; more than all
 Thy lictors, haughty consul,---or thy robes.
 Dipt in the blood,---oh horror!--of a son!--

Br. No more—By all the gods, I'll hear no more.

Ti. A word for pity's sake. Before thy feet,
 Humbled in soul, thy son and prisoner kneels.
 Love is my plea; a father is my judge;
 Nature my advocate!—I can no more:
 If these will not appease a parent's heart,
 Strike through them all and lodge thy vengeance here!

Br. Break off! I will not, cannot hear thee further.
 The affliction nature hath impos'd on Brutus,
 Brutus will suffer as he may.—Enough
 That we enlarge Tarquinia. Go, be free!
 Centurion, give her conduct out of Rome!
 Lictors, secure your prisoner. Point your axes
 To the senate—On! [Exit BRUTUS.]

Cent. Come, Lady, you must part.

Tar. Part! Must we part?
 You shall not tear him from me; I will die
 Embracing the sad ruin I have made.

Cent. You've heard the consul.

Tar. Thou hast heard the king,
 Fought for him while he led you on to conquest.
 Thou art a soldier, and should'st spurn an office
 Which malefactors, though condemned for murder,
 Would rather die by torture than perform.

Ti. If thou dost wish
 That I should 'scape the peril of my fate
 I conjure thee to accord
 To Brutus, and accept his promis'd safeguard.
 Your words, your looks, your beauty, feed his wrath.
 In that fair face he reads my guilty love,
 And pity flies his heart; let passion pause;
 Leave me to solitude, to silence leave me;
 Then nature's gentlest whispers may be heard.

Tar. Say'st thou? Conduct me to the dreariest waste
 That ever melancholy madness trod,
 And let my swelling heart in silence burst;
 Plunge me in darkness, shroud this fatal form
 In everlasting night, I am content

Lo ! I obey ! This is the test of love ;
This is the sacrifice :—I part to save thee !

Ti. See I am warn'd, Farewell, my life's last joy !
When my eyes lose thy image, they may look
On death without dismay. To those blest powers,
Who gave thee every virtue, every grace
That can ensure perfection, I commit thee.

*(They embrace and are torn asunder. TITUS is carried off
by the LICTORS on one side, and TARQUINIA by the
CENTURION and GUARDS, on the other.)*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. *(alone.)* Like a lost, guilty wretch, I look around
And start at every footstep, lest it bring
The fatal news of my poor son's conviction !—
Oh Rome, thou little know'st—No more. It comes.

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. My friend, the senate have to thee transferr'd
The right of judgment on thy son's offence.

Br. To me ?

Val. To thee alone.

Br. What of the rest ?

Val. Their sentence is already pass'd,
Ev'n now, perhaps, the Lictors' dreaded hand
Cuts off their forfeit lives.

Br. Say'st thou that the senate have to me referr'd
The fate of Titus ?

Val. Such is their sovereign will.
They think you merit this distinguish'd honor:

A Father's grief deserves to be rever'd :
Rome will approve whatever you decree.

Br. And is his guilt establish'd beyond doubt ?

Val. Too clearly.

Br. (*with a burst of tears*) Oh, ye gods ! ye gods !
(*collecting himself*) Valerius !

Val. What would'st thou, noble Roman ?

Br. 'Tis said thou hast pull'd down thine house, Valerius,
The stately pile that with such cost was rear'd.

Val. I have, but what doth Brutus thence infer ?

Br. It was a goodly structure : I remember
How fondly you survey'd its rising grandeur,—
With what a—fatherly—delight you summon'd
Each grace and ornament, that might enrich
The—child—of your creation,—till it swell'd
To an imperial size, and overpeer'd
The petty citizens, that humbly dwelt
Under its lofty walls, in huts and hovels,
Like emmets at the foot of towering Etna :
Then, noble Roman, then with patriot zeal,
Dear as it was and valued, you condemn'd
And level'd the proud pile ; and in return
Were by your grateful countrymen surnam'd,
And shall, to all posterity descend,—
Poplicola.

Val. Yes, Brutus, I conceive
The awful aim and drift of thy discourse—
But I conjure thee, pause ! Thou art a father.

Br. I am a Roman Consul !—What, my friend,
Shall no one but Valerius love his country
Dearer than house, or property, or children ?
Now, follow me ;—and in the face of Heaven
I'll mount the judgment-seat : there see, if Brutus
Feel not for Rome as warmly as Poplicola.

[*Exeunt BRUTUS and VALERIUS.*]

SCENE THE LAST.

Exterior of the Temple of MARS. Senators, Citizens, COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS, discovered. At the left of the stage a Tribunal, with a Consular chair upon it. BRUTUS enters, followed by VALERIUS;—he bows as he passes, and ascends the Tribunal.

Br. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and tho' villains,
Yet they are manly villains—But to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,—
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat,—is a deed so black,
That my foil'd tongue refuses it a name. [*A pause.*]
There is one criminal still left for judgment.
Let him approach.

(TITUS is brought in by the LICTORS, with their axes turn'd edgways towards him.)

Pris—on—er—

(The voice of BRUTUS falters and is choaked, and he exclaims with violent emotion)

Romans! forgive this agony of grief—
My heart is bursting—Nature must have way—
I will perform all that a Roman should—
I cannot feel less than a father ought!

(He becomes more calm. Gives a signal to the LICTORS to fall back, and advances from the Judgment-seat to the front of the Stage, on a line with his Son).

Well, Titus, speak—how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepar'd to die?

Ti. Father, I call the powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed.
The gods will have it so.

Br. They will, my Titus :

Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.

The violated genius of thy country

Rears its sad head and passes sentence on thee !

It seems as if thy fate were pre-ordain'd

To fix the reeling spirits of the people,

And settle the loose liberty of Rome.

'Tis fix'd ;—oh, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee :

So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power

Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.

Ti. The axe !—Oh heaven !—Then must I fall so basely ?

What, shall I perish like a common felon ?

Br. How else do traitors suffer ?—Nay, Titus, more—

I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal

And there behold thee meet this shame of death,—

With all thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,—

See thy head taken by the common axe,—

All,—if the gods can hold me to my purpose,—

Without a groan, without one pitying tear.

Ti. Die like a felon ?—Ha ! a common felon !—

But I deserve it all :—Yet here I fail :—

This ignomy quite unmans me !

Oh, Brutus, Brutus ! Must I call you father

Yet have no token of your tenderness,

No sign of mercy ? Not even leave to fall

As noble Romans fall, by my own sword ?

Father, why should you make my heart suspect

That all your late compassion was dissembled ?

How can I think that you did ever love me ?

Br. Think that I love thee by my present passion,

By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,

These sighs that strain the very strings of life,—

Let these convince you that no other cause

Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.

Ti. Oh, hold, thou violated majesty !

I now submit with calmness to my fate.

Come forth, ye executioners of justice—

Come, take my life,—and give it to my country !

Br. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
 Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.
 The sov'reign magistrate of injur'd Rome
 Bound by his high authority, condemns
 A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
 Go—meet thy death with a more manly courage
 Than grief now suffers me to shew in parting,
 And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!
 No more. Farewell! Eternally farewell!—

Ti. Oh, Brutus! Oh, my father!—

Br. What would'st thou say, my son?

Ti. Wilt thou forgive me?—Don't forget Tarquinia
 When I shall be no more.

Br. Leave her to my care.

Ti. Farewell, for ever!

Br. For ever. [*Brutus re-ascends the Tribunal.*]

Lictors, attend!—conduct your prisoner forth!

Val. (*rapidly and anxiously*) Whither!

[*All the characters bend forward in great anxiety.*]

Br. To death!—(*All start.*) When you do reach the
 spot

My hand shall wave, your signal for the act,
 Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!

[*Titus is conducted out by the Lictors. A dead march,—*
which gradually dies away as it becomes more distant.
BRUTUS remains seated in a melancholy posture on the
Tribunal.]

Poor youth! Thy pilgrimage is at an end!

A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
 Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
 No thought of man can fathom. Justice, now
 Demands her victim! A little moment
 And I am childless.—One effort and 'tis past!—

[*He rises and waves his hand, convuls'd with agitation,*
then drops on his seat and shrouds his face with his
toga. Three sounds of the trumpet are heard instantly.
All the characters assume attitudes of deep misery.—

BRUTUS starts up wildly, descends to the front in extreme agitation, looks out on the side by which **TITUS** departed, for an instant, then, with an hysterical burst, exclaims.
Justice is satisfy'd and Rome is free!

[**BRUTUS** falls. The characters groupe around him.

END OF THE TRAGEDY.

EPILOGUE,

Written by a FRIEND. Spoken by Mrs. GLOVER.

MAY Mrs. Glover venture to appear ?
She neither uses nor speaks daggers here ;
She comes quite tame, in the old English way,
To hope you all have—wept at our new play.

Tullia no more, I tread on English ground ;
There's pride, hope, courage, in the very sound ;
Myself your debtor, many a changeful year
For generous kindness—never changing here,
I come to ask that kindness now for one
Unknown,—or but by this night's fortunes known,
To cheer a trembling votary of the Nine,
And fill his heart with gratitude—like *mine*.

Aye, this *is* England—well its signs I know,
Beauty above, around me, and below :
Such cheeks of rose, such bright bewitching eyes !
Well may the kneeling world give you the prize !
Where, where on earth does woman wear a smile
Like yours, ye glory of "THE GLORIOUS ISLE."

But bless me—what, two nondescripts together,
The *she*—a pile of ribband, straw, and feather ;
Her back a pillion, all above and on it
A church-bell ? cradle ? tower ?—No, faith, a bonnet !
Aye, and an actual woman in it, able—
Rouse but her tongue, to make that tower a Babel !

Now for the *he*, the fellow nondescript.
Whence has that mockery of man been shipt ?
Have ROSS or BUCHAN, brought him to console
The quidnuncs for the passage to the pole ?
While, on her iceberg, howls some Greenland squaw
Robbed of her pretty monster till next thaw !
No, Paris has the honour. "*Ah que oui*."—
"*Voilà*"—the air, grace, shrug,—smell of *Paris* !
France gave his step its trip, his tongue its phrase,
His head its peruke, and his waist its stays !
The thing is contraband.—Let's crush the trade,

Ladies, insist on't—*all is best how's made*—
 All British, from your shoe-tye or your fan,
 Down to that tratalizing wretch—call'd—man!
 Now for the compound creature—first, the wig,
 With every frizzle struggling to look big;
 On the rouge'd-check the fresh dyed whisker spread,
 The thousandth way of dressing a calf's head.
 The neckcloth next, where starch and whalebone vie
 To make the slave a walking pillory.
 The bolster'd bosom—ah! ye envying fair,
 How little dream you of the stuff that's there!
 What straps, ropes, steel, the aching ribs compress,
 To make the Dandy "beautifully less."
 Thus fools, their final stake of folly cast,
 By instinct, to *straight waistcoats* come at last.
 Misjudging Shakspeare! this escaped thine eye,
 For tho' the brains *are* out, the thing *won't* die.
 And now, fare well! But one word for the Bard,—
 The smile of Beauty is his best reward;
 Then smile upon him, you, and you, and you!
 I see the poet's cause is won. Adieu!

